

ULM

It is a good thing tonight to remember that on occasions before, planes forced down at sea have floated for a long time, until finally the fliers were rescued. There was the case of Cptain John Rogers of the Navy, in his seaplane, the P.M.A. He floated for eight days on the Pacific, beneath the blistering sun. Then a ship came along and rescued him and his crew. Lt. Locatelli had similar luck in the North Atlantic and Captain Frank Courtney off the coast of Spain.

And there was that German-Portuguese flight in which a German aviator, Williw Rudy and his Portuguese navigator floated for more than eight days on the Atlantic. And their's was a land plane. They were picked up.

These are things to remember in conjunction with the news, or the lack of news, concerning Captain ULM and his fellow voyagers. Not a word concerning them, nothing save the account of a great search for him. Scores of ships and airplanes are combing the sea off the Hawaiian Islands, but so far they have not succeeded in finding the trans-Pacific plane that was forced down yesterday and has been missing ever since.

REPUBLICAN

Promptly and without any delay - presidential <sup>meetings</sup> ~~meetings~~ are being attached to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's spectacular entrance into the Republican political <sup>whirl pool</sup> ~~progress~~. With young Teddy stepping forward with the call for liberal reform within the party, political wiseacres are saying that the son of the great T.R. is a figure to be watched when the time comes to select the Republican candidate for Nineteen thirty-six. So the picturesque possibility ~~is~~ suggested - of Roosevelt against Roosevelt, for the Presidential chair, which two Roosevelts <sup>have</sup> already occupied for a <sup>combined</sup> ~~longer~~ longer duration than any other president<sup>s</sup> of the same name.

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Young Teddy supports Senator Borah's drive for ~~liberalism~~ ~~of the~~ liberalization of the G.O.P. He declares that conservatism of the past twenty years <sup>must be</sup> ~~has~~ changed, and urges all Republicans to get behind the <sup>re-</sup> big organization drive planned for December thirteenth. Colonel Roosevelt has, of course, been identified with the regular Republican line-up all along, and his present stand for liberalization puts him in a position of a compromiser between the liberal insurgent faction and the conservative stand-patters. That middle, moderating position might well put young Teddy in line



to do a harmonizing act between the two wings. And that's what arouses the talk of T.R.-the-Second as a possible candidate.

The two <sup>new</sup> apostles of liberalism, Senator Borah and Colonel Roosevelt, have two groups of oppositionists to face. One is the present conservative organization of the Party, headed by <sup>the</sup> G.O.P. Chairman <sup>Mr.</sup> Fletcher. These take the attitude that Republican re-organization is necessary indeed, but they want to be shown what kind of reorganization, what kind of liberalism is proposed. The New York SUN is pointing editorially to those millions of Republicans who in the last election voted for the Party as is. The Republican popular vote was not so very much below fifty per cent of the total vote - so where is the need of any violent party revolution, or upside down reversal of policies? *That's what they are saying.*

The second group that is looking askance at Senator Borah's loud <sup>demand</sup> ~~demands~~ for a big change is the older faction of Republican liberals, headed by such men as Senator Couzens of Michigan, the richest statesman in the Senate, and Senator Gerald Nye, the investigator. Couzens intimates in polite terms that Borah is offering nothing but resounding words, and hints that his present

liberal blast is just chiseling in on the liberalistic ballywick

*for which*  
~~the~~ the insurgents have been battling all along.

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With all the skirmishing around, nothing has been heard from Ex-President Herbert Hoover, who now takes the rank of ~~the~~ silent man, something of an enigma. There's plenty of puzzlement about what Hoover will say when he does speak up, what position he will take, and how much power and influence he will exert in the Republican ranks.



JOHNSON

A Pennsylvania Democrat has ~~just~~ appointed a Connecticut Republican to a big job. The Pennsylvania <sup>Democrat</sup> ~~Republican~~ is Governor-Elect Earl<sup>e</sup>. The Connecticut Republican is quite a personage in the world of magazines - Bob Johnson, the big boss of the news weekly TIME and the plutocratic monthly FORTUNE.

I heard today at the Hotel Gotham, which Bob Johnson frequents, that Governor-Elect Earl<sup>e</sup> has asked him to tackle the unemployment problem in Pennsylvania. So Bob is taking a year's leave of absence from his magazines to become the Pennsylvania Administrator of Relief.

REPEAL

Newspapers all over are celebrating the anniversary of repeal by printing facts and figures, claims and counterclaims, concerning the year that has elapsed since Utah flashed the news of her vote, which brought the Eighteenth Amendment to an end.

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An Associated Press survey estimates that half a billion dollars in revenue <sup>have</sup> ~~has~~ been collected by the federal and state governments, while towns and cities have taken in millions more in the form of license fees for drinking places. A million men have found employment as a result of repeal - distillery workers, brewery workers, truck drivers and bottle makers. Our tourist trade to Canada has fallen off - the old trips to Canada for drinks. Colleges report that the Saturday afternoon football games this ~~year~~ year were not the hip flask affairs ~~that~~ they used to be. From many sources there are reports of less intoxication.

That's the jubilant wet side of it on the first anniversary of repeal, but there is a dry side too, Prohibitionists point out that bootlegging is still flourishing. They say the income from liquor tax has not been nearly as great as it had been expected to be. The saloon has returned, under another name.



Crime has not abated. The young people are drinking more than ever.

The Wets see glorious benefits and the Drys see calamity.

It's the old pro and con.

BLIND

There was a solemn ceremony of humanity ~~in~~ New York this afternoon at the laying of the cornerstone of a new headquarters for the American Foundation for the Blind and of course Helen Keller was there. In her address of dedication, she spoke of the pioneer, Valentin <sup>Hauy</sup> ~~Hauy~~, who in seventeen eighty-four laid the cornerstone for the great Institution for the Blind in Paris, and ~~he~~ dreamed that sightless people everywhere would substitute the hand for the eye, read and write with <sup>the</sup> feeling of fingertips. And then Helen Keller mentioned the talking book, "the page that speaks," a combination of book and phonograph record. Not more than one-fourth of the blind people in this country have a sense of touch delicate enough to enable them to read Braille. But nearly all of them can operate <sup>the</sup> phonograph-talking-book. Lacking the sense of sight to see the book, the book speaks to them.



## NIAGARA

If any of you couples are thinking about getting married, want to go to Niagara Falls on your honeymoon, you'd better not delay too long, not more than a few hundred years. For by that time Niagara won't be the same falls that grandpa and grandma visited on their honeymoon and that I visited on mine. It will be considerably changed by Twenty-One or Twenty-Two hundred A.D. And, if you delay your honeymoon for two thousand years, why you won't see any falls at all, merely a series of cascades and rapids. For a good falls you'll have to do a Martin Johnson and visit the Victoria Falls on the Zambezi in Africa.

For the second time in five months, there has been a huge rock-fall at Niagara, this one on the Canadian side. An immense slice of rock toppled with a giant splash last night - two hundred thousand tons of rock, it is estimated. More and more the old familiar contour of Niagara is being changed. It used to be convex, like the outside of a bowl. Recent rock-falls have made it concave. And the geologists say Niagara is going to continue to get more and more concave, with the falls receding further and further back until within a couple of years the drop from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie will be evened out, for a kind of





RUSSIA

It had been expected that the assassination in Russia would harden the hearts of the Soviets toward their enemies. And that has happened, as is indicated with sinister emphasis by a decree just made public. It's a change in the procedure of the Soviet law courts. The decree was drawn up in the Kremlin on the very evening after Kiroff was killed in Leningrad. But it has only now been published.

A moody and dramatic scene is suggested, a grim setting for the formulation of that grim decree. A room in the Kremlin, the Red lords of Communism at a table, harsh-faced, hard boiled Bolsheviks. The news <sup>had been</sup> ~~was~~ flashed over the telegraph a few hours before that Kiroff, the leader in Leningrad, ~~had~~ been shot down by an assassin - liquidated, as the Communists say, liquidated by pistol shots. And the masters of the Soviets have gathered swiftly to decide upon what to do, to strike, to take measures against their enemies. They <sup>are</sup> ~~was~~ suspicious of a terroristic plot against their whole regime, afraid of assassination attempts against them all. They ~~apparently~~ regarded the killing of Kiroff as a stroke of counter-revolution, so they <sup>are</sup> gathered around a table in the Kremlin to decide upon what action to take. And they decided with

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a deadly swiftness - little debate, no delay. Then and there, the evening of the day that Kiroff was shot down, they write an edict transforming the procedure of Soviet law as applied to political enemies. The Communist government had been growing softer and more lenient toward political offenses. Accused persons had been getting more of a chance of late, ~~But~~ that's all changed - with the swift stroke of a pen.

That new Communist decree, ~~which was~~ drawn up that night, embodies a central clause, which provides that hereafter the trials of the enemies of the Soviets shall be conducted "without the participation of either party." That's the Soviet wording, a trial without ~~the~~ participation of either party.

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What does it mean? The correspondents in Moscow have been asking that question of the Communist officials, inquiring whether it meant that an accused person would not be present at his own trial. The answer is <sup>now</sup> given that the accused will be called before the court to answer questions, but that neither government prosecutor nor defense attorney will take any part in such a trial. There will be no formal prosecution and the accused will not be allowed to present any defense. No arguments will be ~~allowed to~~ <sup>permitted to</sup>



delay the swiftness of procedure. - Then there will be no possible appeal. Execution by a firing squad will be carried out at once.

That sums up the decree drawn up in the Kremlin the very evening of Kiroff's assassination, and it was followed by orders for immediate widespread arrests of Soviet enemies, to be tried in that deadly way. That accounts for the news of seventy-one persons dragged to the Moscow prisons, charged with being "White Guards." Tonight there is still no word of their fate. They are to be tried in the new Soviet way - or perhaps they've already been tried and met their doom.

The whole story is a graphic illustration of the ruthless swiftness with which the Soviet leaders have acted to protect themselves, when the killing of Comrade Kiroff raised before them the specter of terrorism and assassination - the terrorist game that those old Bolsheviks themselves used to play so well.

Immigration authorities at Ellis Island today expressed their interest in Prince Michael Alexandrovich Dmitri Oblensky Romanoff. ~~It's hard to discourage the immigration authorities.~~ They've been interested in Prince Mike on previous occasions, but it never got them anywhere. The logic in this most peculiar ~~— or maybe unroyal —~~ royal case is confused. The best way to show up the imperial Russian prince as an imposter is to prove that he was born in New York. But if you prove that he was born in New York you can't deport him.

On Prince Mike's side the logic is equally difficult, but a little thing like logic never bothered him. In his glory as an imperial prince, he'll vow that he is a Russian. ~~and to~~ <sup>or to</sup> keep from getting deported he'll blythely explain that he's a plain American from New York.

How~~ev~~er that may be, the immigration authorities are once more gazing at Prince Mike, now that His Imperial Highness is in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ again. This time he was an actor in a Broadway show and was ready to go on stage when an ill-natured man with a summons appeared. It seems that Prince Mike gave a rubber check



to a speakeasy keeper a couple of years ago and of course the check bounced back in a most rubbery fashion. And ~~they~~ now they've got the Prince in jail for that.

He's been in all kinds of trouble and now he is in jail again via the rubber check route. In his gungeon cell Prince Mike explains it all in tragic accents. "Oh," he exclaims, "the meanness, the vileness of life. It seems to me unimaginable! You have no conception of what some people will do for a few dollars." To which the echo answers:- "Sure Mike!"

The Duke sucking a Prince Havana cigar -- or maybe a Dutch cheroot from Sumatra -- a roughly dressed fireman stepped up to him, tapped him on the shoulder and announced gruffly: "You can't smoke here, your honor; it's against the fire rules."

A horrified Mayor of Melbourne dashed to the scene and led the fireman to the door. In a few minutes, the fire fighter was back with a dozen of his pale, huffy Melbourne firemen.

"Orders is orders", they proclaimed. "It's against the regulations for anybody to smoke in here and His Honor will have to spit out that cigar."

## GLOUCESTER

They're explaining in Australia that the firemen wanted more money. They were annoyed because they were doing extra work without extra pay. That's why they picked on the royal Duke of Gloucester, son of His Majesty, King George. It was an embarrassing moment for the Duke, who was visiting Australia on one of those good-will tours made famous by his brother, the Prince of Wales. They were giving a resplendent party for the King's son at Melbourne and all the leading social lights were there. In the middle of the gala proceedings, with the Duke smoking a Prime Havana cigar -- or maybe a Dtuch cheroot from Sumatra -- a roughly dressed fireman stepped up to him, tapped him on the shoulder and announced gruffly: "You can't smoke here, your Honor; it's against the fire rules."

A horrified Mayor of Melbourne dashed to the scene and led the fireman to the door. In a few minutes, the fire fighter was back with a dozen of his pals, hefty Melbourne firemen.

"Orders is orders", they proclaimed. It's against the regulations for anybody to smoke in here and His Honor will have to put out that cigar."



It was all most unseemly, but the firemen were adamant - until they were told they could go home. That was all they wanted. They had announced that if they had to do extra work without extra pay there would be a rumpus. And there was. They wanted to go home. They merely wanted to say what I'm going to say now -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.